

RHETORIC, THE NEEDED

And is that word called God, a needed being
Onto ourselves with Christ his smiling gesture?
Does the object itself seek you or do
You seek the object and to what is the balance?
Is the giver unlike the receiver or does it
Hold one side expressing two and can a
Mountain be a miracle to eyes in sorrow?
If free will the essence of our nature and
Where lies its proof in man if many
Are called but few are chosen?
And to what extent is soul a needed
Part of death but Hell's sweet fear
Which gives a Heaven needed strength.
Who so boldly wrote that we
Were created in His image and likeness
When he was, before we were and the
Earth cooled slowly while times were not?
But who gives hate a greater place than
Love, for we have felt the truth but
Need no will to be of love? Then who
Gave us a test and curse we can't
Explain or may never be able to? Do
We call this eternity of possibilities,
Endless and void of essence, God, because
Of fear to be and see beyond ourselves;
And is the toad to understand the
Vipers swallowing him? Is it not
Good to be aware but is it also necessary
To be insane? Is it necessary to try and
See the meaning of it all and it is nature of the
Being to be the I and find the am; and
Is the Bible none other than man's capable
Intellect, evolved into awareness of its nature
And its need which seeks the hope in all
But feels the end must be?

RHETORIC, DESCENDS, THREE THOUGHTS

1

Soft swan will land where wings
Have been his heart and earth, until
The butterfly has seen his caterpillar
Crawling to the fire of proud creation.
Gifted grass who gives me words
To speak and feel of it, do we not
Compliment each other well or do I make
You real, no me. Calm dream spends
Itself as being real in me or I in
It, but what can be the use cried
Eternities hand and off I flowed.

2

Looking in on liquid dream's illusion
Sailing on a crust of bread to hope
It will not sink, I cried the "find" in
Tears, for water wasn't here to cause
The drowning self. Tiny burnt match
Whose life and light has honoured us
With her will, forgive us our forgetting
You we've made and You, we've
Forgot. Cry not murder the murder's
Mad self who hides deeper than his
Forgotten love, unaware I am sure.

3

Come soft life, soft answer,
Come now and save us, it is
Your duty, just as every game
Must hold her alpha and omega.
The duty of evil is to give
Good strength but never to
See its end? Your light now
Blinds our eyes and we
Create that bulb of thought
To see your truth and ours,
Nothing further can be said.

Stephen J. Vasseur

THE RIVALS; OR COLD COMFORT

So that is he...ah, yes. I think I see
How one could slip in love so easily
With such an one;--face's gaunt, but still
He dresses decently, and may fulfill
The claims to grace and bearing I have heard
Proclaimed. The voice is soft; the way each word
Succeeds a little stutter could charm one
Who found clear speaking manners too "humdrum".
The posture--well...there's little fault to be
Found in slouching when [My God!] you see
That blond-grown stubble skirting ears and chin.
It's none of mine, but who could quite begin
To kiss a face so forested. He is
Strong, for all domestic purposes,
And, I take it, in daylight appears
Able to maintain 'ca' down the years.
And now they're gone. Il va de soi that he
Is not as...oh, quite as complete as me,
Nor holds the several virtues I have got--
And yet he holds le chose that I shall not.

John Timmins

JUST A NOTE

This is just a note
To tell you
That I took those
Shoelaces that were in
Your boots
They were very good
So
very
long
So very strong
Farewell cruel world.

Tiny Ichabod

DON'T QUIT

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,
When funds are low and debts are high,
When you want to smile but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns
As everyone of us sometimes learns
And many a failure turns about...
When you might have won, had you stuck it out.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow.
You might succeed with another blow.
Often the goal is nearer than it seems
To a faint and flattering man.

Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victors cup.
And he learned too late when the night slipped down
How close he was to the golden crown.
Success is failure turned inside out.
The silver tint of cloud of doubt, and you never
Can tell how close you are
It may be near when it seems afar.
So stick to the fight when your hardest hit,
Its when things seem worse that you musn't

QUIT

Levi Du John